

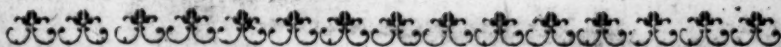
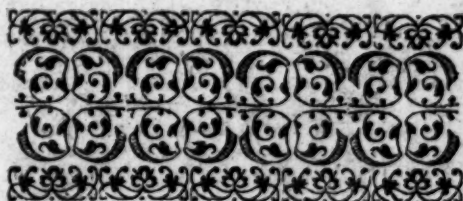
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Miscellanies

I N

Prose and Verse.



By a Gentleman.



L O N D O N :

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Nov 17

1756

P R E F A C E



THE P R E F A C E.



Believe Prefaces to Books like Epilogues to Plays, are always written with a design to court the good Will of the Readers, and in truth, it is no impolitick Practice at any time, at sometime necessary, as in the present Instance. For at a Time when some Persons as Shallow-brain'd as they are Sancy, think
to

P R E F A C E.

to make a Merit with our present Wise and Gracious Sovereign, by affronting the Memory of our late most Excellent QUEEN, to attempt her Praises, were to commend Wisdom, Honour and Justice, all of them Vertues; which, however they may deserve Panegyricks, yet do not need 'em. However if any one in the Fever of his Zeal, accuses me of Negligence, or something worse, in making no encomiumis on a Prince who so justly deserves the greatest I freely own the charge; and yet I humbly presume to stand fair in his Majesty's good Graces. Gratitude often dwells in the Heart, altho' it flows, not into the Tongue, and that may sometimes be the best Compliment. Let our Garth or Addison but touch the String, their Musick is not unworthy a Prince's Ear. In-

PREFACE.

Indeed all good Men promise the Nation and themselves, abundance of Felicity from so auspicious a Reign; for how can our present Great and Good Sovereign be other, than the Charm and delight of Mankind, Royal whose and Gracious Maxim it is, to no Man go sorrowful from his Presence. And therefore as a true Church Man, (and a true Church Man must be a Loyal Subject.) I earnestly beseech Heaven for his Majesty, as did Pliny for the Emperor Trajan, ut Huic, & per hunc generi humano, prospera omnia, i. e. digna seculo suo contingant.

ERRATA

ERRATA.

Page 9 line 3. for *Waves* read *Tears* p. 10. l. 23. for *The God of Ocean smiles*, read *Hail! God of Ocean smile*. Ibid l. 24. for *His winged Navy*, read *Thy winged Navy*. p. 12. l. 3. for *sweet Blood*, read *Sweat or Blood*, and at the End add *Tully*. p. 16, l. 3. for *Rally* read *Railly*. Ibid. l. 13. for *leuder* read *lewder*.

ON

ON THE
DEATH
Of Her late MAJESTY
Q. ANNE,
Of Blessed MEMORY.

An Epistle to *Matthew Prior*, Esq;

— *Infandum renovare dolorem*
Fert Animus.



Whether the Poets in melodious Song,
Or sooth our Griefs, or flying Joys
Or in sweet Strains of Elegy would
In late Posterity the Tears of Love;
Nought

Nought do they merit but th' *Egyptian* Rod ;
Unhallow'd Incense but *prophanes* a God.

'Tis not in Verse *embalm* Great ANNA's Name ;
 'Tis not in Verse to swell the Cheeks of Fame ;
 If we attempt to Praise, what do we but Blaspheme ?
 Say, what bold *Genius* ever cou'd define
 The wondrous *Graces* in the MIND DIVINE,
 Tho' all *Apollo* glow'd in each Seraphick Line.
 Still would the great good Man Perfection want,
 Tho' Heav'n inspire, or though an Angel Faint.

Yet would our HOMER dare to merit Praise,
 Sure t'were *Religion* to reward his Lays.
 Would he advent'rous Sing the Best of QUEENS,
 How pure the Blood that fill'd her Royal Veins ;
 Witness, ye Gods, and tune the happy Strains.

Who, without Spleen, can see a Sing-song Knave,
 In senseless Jingles, through the Gamut rave ;
 Turn *Persian*, and adore the rising Sun,
 Yet blast those Lawrels which Great ANNA won,
 The brightest Gem that ever grac'd a Throne.

Be bold then, S I R, and ravish all the Flame
 The Gods can give thee. Oh ! be still the SAME ;
 Oh ! First and last assert Great injur'd ANNA's Fame. }

Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, can raise the Stone,
 And from destruction call our Factious Town ;
 Make Marbles weep, and beauteous Tears to flow,
Such Tears to V I R T U E and our Q U E E N are due.

Then smile ye Heav'ns, and *this* Man approve,
 Inspire each *Phidias* that would paint a J O V E.

5

1. The first thing I did was to go to the bank and see what the interest was on the money I had there. I found it was 4 per cent.

2. Then I went to the office and saw the manager. He told me that the company was doing well and that I could expect a good return on my investment.

3. I then went to the library and looked up some books on the history of the company. I found that it had been founded in 1850.

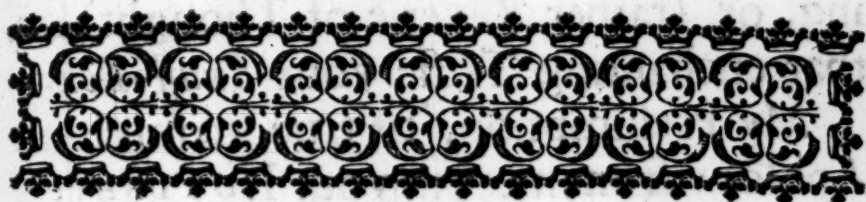
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A

Fragment of a WHIM

Sent to a

NOBLE LORD.

YOUR LORDSHIP indeed tells me, that in *England* I have the Reputation of a *Free-Thinker*. True, my Lord, and such a Reputation I am not a little fond of; For, (with Submission I speak it,) I have ever contemn'd the Pevish, strait-lac'd Humour of some *Moderns*, who yet have the Character of *Shrewd* Men, in seeing into a Millstone: But I'll give Your LORDSHIP an Instance of Free-Thinking,

ing, or, (rather Reverie of Thought) on that enchanting Trifle your *Snuff-Box*.

My Presumption, 'tis true, requires an Apology from me, but your LORDSHIP'S most flowing Goodness and Humanity prevent one.

Methinks what your LORDSHIP calls the *Case or Shell* of your *Box*, is the *Cranium* of the dear, charming *Oriana*; that once celebrated *Thing* in the *Side-Box*: But see the marvellous Power of Art, how bright, how polish'd does it Shine! how richly is it stain'd with Variety of *Figures*, languishing almost as the *Fine Original*.

Pardon me, my LORD, if on this occasion I cannot help Thinking, the Love that Women bear to *Furbeloes* and *Paint*, is deeply impress'd on their gay *Imaginations*, nay, into whatsoever blissful Regions their *Airy Forms* ascend.

They bless the *Toylet* that improv'd those Charms, Which forc'd their Vig'rous Lovers to their Arms,

On this the *Sylphids* shining Art bestow,
Where they *once* patch'd, or wrote a *Billet-doux*.

Being naturally curious, my LORD,
(tho' Shame on't, like some Modern
Adepts, 'tis chiefly about Trifles) with
an almost *Religious* Niceness, I scrutiniz'd
the *Contents* of this charming Shell; but
assist me, good Heaven! to speak the
Greatness of my Surprise!

That beautiful Soul, which once in-
form'd as beautiful a Body, how was it
crumbled into Atoms! into sweet pun-
gent Grains of titillating Dust! by poor,
dull-sighted Mortals profanely called,
Snuff.

Well, if Adoration be a Crime, for-
give it Heav'n, for 'tis a pleasing Crime!
Is it possible for *Flesh* and *Blood* not to
kiss, and adore, nay, to ravish the sweet
Reliques of that once bright, rallying
Angel *Oriana*

* Hear me then *Maria*, bless'd *Maria*,

* The Author's design throughout this whole Letter, is to
ridicule that silly, nay, impious Veneration the Papists have
for the trifling *Reliques* of their Church.

and

and vouchsafe to this *Choice Collection* of *Sense*, some kind Place in a Virgin Breast. For, as Father *Bonaventure* has inform'd me : “ To Essences Angelical
 “ a Power miraculous is giv'n, that
 “ they insinuate through the languid
 “ Pores of Mortals, and from the *Cloudy*
 “ Region of the Brain, *Megrim*, *Hippo*,
 “ and *Vapours* quick expelling, so brighten each insipid *Afs*, till he become a *New Creature*, i. e. *Beaux Esprit*.

But I will no longer Trespass on your Lordship's Time and good Nature; only permit me to acquaint your Lordship, there is a Motion made amongst a brisk Junto of Female Catholicks, to have his *Holiness's* Pourtraiture on the *Lid* of their Snuff-Boxes, for they (Heavenly Creatures!) *would by no means live without their God in the World*.

But to drop these Speculations : by Heav'n, this is a *Golden Age* indeed, when his *Holiness* condescends to be a *Travel-ler*, and live familiar with mortal Wights.

I am my Lord, &c.

Leipfic New Stile,
July 12th 1713.

To



ON A
GROTTTO
OF
PLEASURE,

(Adorn'd with a Fountain and Canal,
whose Banks were enamell'd with the
fragrant Flowers of the Spring, &c.
The Goddess VENUS and her Nymphs
arising from the Water, &c.)

Curiously wrought in Wax, by a Young LADY.



I.



Ere Nature triumphs in a charming Scene

Queen;

Of Flowers, blooming as the *Cyprus*

Wh' in *shining* waves of *Amber* mourns

Chast *Hyacinthus* noble Scorn;

Till *Sol* unlocks the golden *East*,

And winged Angels flie her Breast.

C

Praise.

Praise her, ye little Loves, whose artful Hands compose,
That lovely Type of Innocence and Youth, the Rose.

II.

As *Venus* rising from her gilded Scene,
Commands the Praises of the Gods and Men.

The *Graces* 'oer their *Mother* hang,
And move her with a wanton Song.

Thus Heav'nly *Chloe* with a range of Loves,
Adorns her *Person*, and her Charms improves;

See the rich Vessel to the *Cydno*s come;
Whose Oars of Silver cut the liquid Foam!

Ye Pow'rs of Musick all conspire,

Her Art and Beauties be your Theme;

Oh! Praise your Notes, (I'm all on Fire,
Yet pleas'd I burn in Beauties Flame,)

All Heaven is Harmony, 'tis Harmony which can
Swell with Divinity the tuneful Breast of Man.

III.

The God of Ocean smiles to see,
His winged Navy sport, and flie,
On Sails of Crimson to the *Galaxie*;

Where,

[11]

Where, in a *Silver* Beam of Light,
That bids an Exile to the Night,
The Gold and Azures mix in Clouds,
To guard the Palace of the GODS.

(Name,
Where JOVE has Stars *enamell'd* with his *radian*;
And winged *Seraphs* blow th' *immortal* trump of fame.

IV.

Thus in a charming Extasie of Joy,
The *Nereids* each prevailing Art employ,
And, as the gay *Embroidery* of their Tongue,
Chloe's the Theme of ev'ry pleasing Song :

Chloe's Divine, the Grotts reply,

Bright *Chloe* is a Deity.

Soft, lay me down, a *Love-sick* head;

Oh *Cupid* be my *Ganymede* ;

Let shining Oyls my Face o'erun,

Sweet as the Streams of *Helicon*.

Thou Queen of Art and Knowledge Hail !

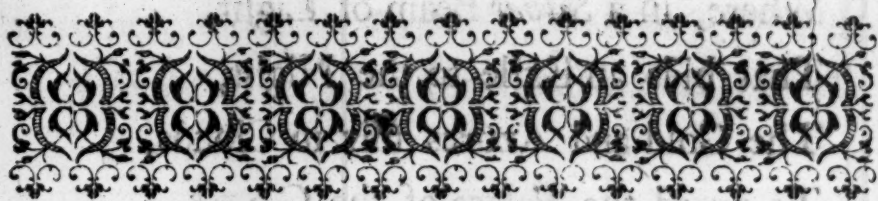
This Fair CREATION shall display thy Pow'r,

And each bright YOUTH thy charming Hand adore;

In this sweet Paradise such Beauties shine,

We must confess Thee, like thy Art, divine.

A TALE



A

T A L E

O F A

Beau Officer.

In a Letter to a Freind.



*For shame Young Men and yet have Women's Hearts,
While this brave Woman plays the Man !
Dear Salmacis gives spoils which cost no sweet Blood !*



IN *Easter* Term I came to Town,
Commenc'd a *Beau* (and was undone,)
At *Ombre* with a *Miss* could play,
Hum o're a *Song*, or drink *Bobé*.

'Egad, cries One, (a *Star* and *Garter*,
Some *Don* I wot from *Spanish Quarter* ;)

Observe the *Strut*, how happy is,
That *Beau* Soldier for the *Ladies* !

At this I ruffled and began,
To bite my *Lips* and tofs my *Cane* ;
A *Chair*, I call, — no *Chair* can come,
Mean while I stole to *Betty's* Room.

But Lord ! how num'rous are the *Foes*,
Us, nicer *Palates*, discompose !

Peruque is ruffled, *Face* looks wan,
Like *Girl* that has the *Sickness* Green.

Here sit I pensive, till my *Boy*,
Compos'd my *Breast* with *Seneca*
And *BETTY's* *Drops* *Volatilé*.

But, *Soul*' return'd, I bless kind *Heav'n*,
Who just now lay at *Six* and *Seven*,
And thus dear *Boy*, with all the *Rogues* I'm even. }

The *Fop* begon, who draws his *Sword*,
Tho' no *Man* gives him a cross *Word* ;

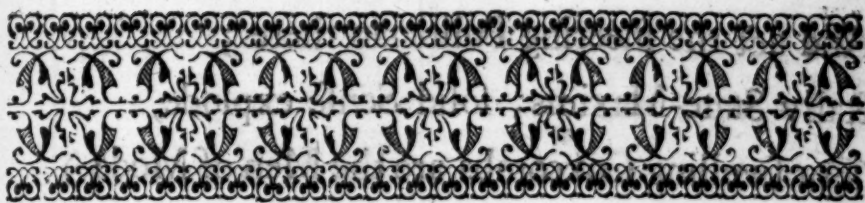
Deuce take me if in my Opinion,
 To hack and hew the King's Dominion,
 Be so Glorious —

'Tis better far may it please my Leige,
 In A B E L S Prints to read a *Seige*;
 Or, Soul compos'd to hear some Bard,
 Grow warm with *Blenheim, Audenard*,
 And give the Victor Lawrels for Reward.

Then smile ye FAIR, and take him to your Arms,
 Whom your Wit pleases, but your Beauty Charms;
 In your Commission let him wear a Feather,
 He'll Ogling, cry, — *Madam, 'tis dainty Weather.*

My Life to yours, dear *Rogue*, I'll name you some,
 The *best* of *Bullies* in the *Drawing-Room*.





TO A
FRIEND
IN THE
COUNTRY.



YOU see, dear Friend *Castbauton's* fil-

ver'd o'er,

no more :

And flying Fountains please the Nymphs

No more the Linnets tune their airy Tongue,

No more *Orinda* revels in their Song.

The Groves that late a shining Verdure wore

With purple Honours deck'd the beauteous Year ;

Those Grotts no more their Velvet Robes put on,

On whose soft Pillow, *Swains* and *Nymphs* undone,

[the Sun,

Their various Loves exchange'd, and revell'd with

Well

Well then, to *Button's*, or to *Will's* repair,
 And act the sneering Politician there ;
 Rally State-Maxims; solid Sense explode,
 (For swelling Coxcombs are the Men of Mode)
 But when the Bully's gayer part is done,
 And Night approaches with her Sables on.
 Should Airy *Phyllis*, from a *Garret* flown
 To learn the breeding of a gallant Town,
 Laugh from some Corner with a Ha! ha! ha!
 And court you with a killing ogling Eye :
 Be wise *dear Friend*, nor trust that slippery Dye ;
 Contemn the *Wanton* with a Ha! ha! he!
 Beauty and all its leuder Arts disdain,
 Which *Fool* the fond Impertinent call'd, *Man*.

F I N I S.

